

October 3, Don Olson died in St. Paul, MN. I am honored that I was able to have met him during his 74 years of life, the time God gave him to be on this Earth, and I am blessed to have called him my friend.

After graduating from his rural Wisconsin high school in 1941, Don answered his country's call to duty and served in the 70th Army Air Force Technical Training Detachment during World War II. He graduated from the Army Air Forces Navigation School in San Marcos, TX in 1945. After the war, Don came back to Minnesota and graduated cum laude from St. Olaf College in Northfield, MN, which is also in my district; he earned a master's degree from the University of Minnesota in 1949; and later a law degree from the St. Paul College of Law.

Earlier this week I was telling my staff about Don Olson and I said, he probably has forgotten more about government and the way it is supposed to work than most of us will ever know. That was not an exaggeration. After working in the Minnesota State legislature, Don came out here to Washington and served in the office of Senator Ed Thye, worked as congressional liaison for the Small Business Administration, and later he was the administrative assistant in the office of Minnesota Congressman Ancher Nelson, where he served for 14 years.

In 1974, Don returned to the Midwest when he was hired by a little family clinic in my district, run by the Mayo brothers, to be their governmental affairs specialist. He was the first person that Mayo Clinic ever hired to do this important job, and his work was nothing short of outstanding in his 14 years there until he retired in 1988.

It was during his years at Mayo that I met Don Olson. It was about 1976. He was always a man of impeccable honesty and a record of personal integrity that no one would ever question. He was also the kind of person that you could confide in. You could tell Don Olson your deepest fears and know that they would go no further than his ears.

Robert Frost once wrote, "Government is a thing made of men and it dies as the men who made it die." With these words in mind, I cannot think of a better place for me to remember Don Olson than from the floor of this House of Representatives.

I know that Don's daughters Tina and Lori as well as his son Wayne and his loving wife of 38 years, Terri, are watching this afternoon. I want you all to know that my thoughts and prayers continue to be with you. This is a great loss for the family, it is a great loss for me, and it is a great loss for America.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from West Virginia [Mr. WISE] is recognized for 5 minutes.

[Mr. WISE addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.]

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Washington [Mrs. LINDA SMITH] is recognized for 5 minutes.

[Mrs. LINDA SMITH addressed the House. Her remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.]

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Kansas [Mr. TIAHRT] is recognized for 5 minutes.

[Mr. TIAHRT addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.]

CHINA

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Virginia [Mr. WOLF] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. WOLF. Mr. Speaker, the President of China will be visiting here beginning this Sunday. I know that we will treat him in a very courteous manner but I want the American people to know every time they hear President Clinton talk about the President of China and every time they hear the President of China speak, they should remember the following things:

No. 1, China persecutes people because of their religious beliefs. Catholic bishops are in jail, Catholic priests are in jail, hundreds of them, and on October 8, Chinese authorities arrested again and again Bishop Su who has been one of the most prominent bishops who is now back in jail. Protestant pastors are in jail and hundreds of them have been arrested.

No. 2, China denies its citizens basic human rights and imprisons people for speaking out in support of freedom. Wei Jingsheng, one of China's most important prisoners, languishes in not well conditions in jail serving a 15-year sentence. He was detained in 1994 after meeting with Assistant Secretary for Democracy and Human Rights John Shattuck. So when you hear the President of China speak, remember Wei and also Wang Dan, who has also been imprisoned for his activities in Tiananmen Square.

No. 3, when you hear the Chinese President speak at Independence Hall, which will be a disgrace for Independence Hall to have the Chinese President go there where Thomas Jefferson gave the words "We hold these truths to be self-evident," but when you hear him there remember that China is brutally repressing the people of Tibet, destroying their culture, destroying their religion, destroying 4,000 to 5,000 monasteries and in Tibet the one growth industry is the growth of prisons where Buddhist priests and Buddhist nuns are being put in jail. We had testimony of a 28-year-old Tibetan Buddhist nun who told the House Committee on International Relations how her Chinese jailers tortured her with an electric cattle prod, putting it on all parts of her body. You have got to remember

this when you hear this Chinese President coming to the country.

No. 4, remember also when you hear him speaking that the Chinese government runs a gruesome trade in human organs, taking organs from executed prisoners and selling them to foreign buyers for tens of thousands of dollars. They shoot people, they take their blood sample, they take their tissue sample and they sell their organs for \$35,000. So when you hear him go to Harvard and speak out, know that his government is selling kidneys of prisoners for \$35,000.

Remember also, No. 5, that China's one-child policy results in forced abortions and sterilization of women, where they track them down in the villages and force them to get abortions.

No. 6, when you hear President Clinton speak about our relationship with this man and with the Chinese government, remember that China has more gulags today than they had in the Soviet Union when Solzhenitsyn wrote the book "Gulag Archipelago." There are more gulag slave camps in China today than there were in the Soviet Union under the worst times.

Also know, No. 7, that China sells arms and dangerous technology to belligerent countries which could one day endanger men and women in the military. Some days on this floor it is almost reminiscent of 1937, 1938, and 1939, where Winston Churchill warned of the danger of Nazi Germany and some of the things that were sold in Nazi Germany were used against Americans. I fear for it and every Member of this body ought to get the intelligence briefing by the CIA, the NSA, and the DIA to find out what weapons they are selling.

No. 8, China continues to violate a range of bilateral and international proliferation and missile technology treaties.

No. 9, China's State-owned companies sold AK-47's to street gangs in California that could be used against American citizens. So when you see the Chinese President standing next to President Clinton, remember that a company connected with his government was selling assault weapons to street gangs in California that could be used to kill American people.

No. 10, the Chinese trade surplus with the United States approached \$40 billion last year and is getting bigger every month. In August the United States trade deficit with China jumped 10.6 percent, the highest of any country, driving American men and women out of their jobs.

Mr. Speaker, China's President will visit Washington, Williamsburg, and Philadelphia, which will be a disgrace when he visits Independence Hall and other sites in the United States. Every time he speaks, the world should remember the men and women who are languishing in Chinese prisons under his control and do not buy into his message. I ask him to change his policy.

Mr. Speaker, I include for the RECORD the testimony of Tsultrim Dolma before the House Committee on International Relations hearing on religious persecution on September 10, 1997.

The material referred to is as follows:

TESTIMONY OF TSULTRIM DOLMA—HOUSE COMMITTEE ON INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS—HEARING ON RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION, SEPTEMBER 10, 1997

My name is Tsultrim Dolma. I am 28 years old. I am one of the one thousand Tibetan refugees who came to the United States through the Tibetan Resettlement Program, authorized by the United States Congress in 1991.

I never imagined that I would someday testify before you esteemed gentlemen and gentleladies. Now that I am here, I feel it is both a privilege and responsibility to tell you about my experiences—among the thousands of Tibetans who flee into exile, very few have their stories heard.

I am not an educated person. I don't know about politics. But I do know what it is to live under Chinese rule. And I know, although I was born after the Chinese came into Tibet, that Tibet is different than China.

I have asked my friend Dorje Dolma to read the rest of my testimony because my English is not very good.

I was born in Pelbar Dzong, Tibet, near Chamdo which prior to the Chinese invasion in 1949 was the easternmost administrative center of the Dalai Lama's government. For as long as I can remember, I yearned to become a nun. It was difficult for me to pursue my studies because the nunnery near my village had been completely destroyed during the Cultural Revolution.

I took my nun's vow at age 17 and, soon after, left my home with a small group of villagers to make the customary pilgrimage to Lhasa, the capital and spiritual center of Tibet, and a month's journey from my home. Once there I was able to join the Chupsang nunnery on the outskirts of the city.

In Lhasa it was unavoidable to feel the tension due to the large differences between the Tibetans and Chinese living there, and within a year, on October 1, 1987, China's National Day, I experienced at first hand the consequences of that tension.

On that day, monks from Sera and Nechung Monasteries peacefully demonstrated for the release of their imprisoned brothers. Hundreds of Tibetans gathered around in support. Public Security Bureau Police moved through the crowd videotaping demonstrators. Then, unexpectedly, opened fire on the crowd. The Tibetans responded by throwing stones at the cameras, but a number of monks were arrested and dragged to the Police station.

I joined a large group that converged on the station. We heard gun shots from the rooftop and tried to get inside, but the police fired down into the crowd. Many Tibetans were killed and many other badly injured. Outraged at the massacre, some Tibetans set fire to the building. I watched as Venerable Jampa Tenzin, the caretaker of the Jokhang Temple, led a charge into the building to try to free the monks. When he emerged about ten minutes later, his arms were badly burned and had long pieces of skin peeling off. Two young novice monks came out with him and were also badly burned. Soon afterwards, Jampa Tenzin was arrested and detained at Sangyip Prison where he is known to have undergone severe ill-treatment.

The Great Monlam Prayer Festival which occurred the following spring was the next occasion for major protest. Chinese authori-

ties had ordered the monks of all of Lhasa's monasteries to attend, as they had invited journalists from many different countries to film the ceremony as an example of religious freedom in Tibet. The monks of Sera, Drepung, Ganden and Nechung decided to boycott the ceremony, but were forced to attend at gun point. Under guard, the monks made the traditional circumambulation around the Jokhang, Lhasa's central cathedral.

After completing the ceremony, those monks joined together in calling out loudly to Tibetan officials working for the Chinese government who were watching the ceremony from a stage next to the Jokhang. They demanded the release of the highly revered incarnate lama, Yulo Dawa Tsering, who had been arrested some months before and of whom nothing had been heard. One of the official's bodyguards then fired at the demonstrators, killing one Tibetan. A riot ensued and the army proceeded to fire into the crowd. Soldiers chased a large number of monks into the Jokhang and clubbed 30 of them to death.

Eighteen lay Tibetans were also killed in the cathedral. Twelve other monks were shot. Two monks were strangled to death, and an additional eight lay Tibetans were killed outside the cathedral. The news of the deaths spread throughout the city.

After we saw the terror and turmoil in the streets, some nuns from my Ani Gumpa and I decided to demonstrate in order to support our heroic brothers and sisters in Lhasa, particularly the monks who had been arrested and are in prison and whose cases even now have not been settled. On April 16, about six weeks after the massacre during Monlam, four of us demonstrated for their release and the release of women with children. We felt the Chinese were trying to destroy all the patriotic Tibetans in prison by maltreating them. The Chinese government has publicized that there is freedom of religion in Tibet, but in fact, the genuine pursuit of our religion is a forbidden freedom. So many difficult restrictions are placed on those entering monastic life, and spies are planted everywhere.

My sister nuns and I were joined by two nuns from Gari Gumpa and we were all six arrested in the Barkhor while shouting out demands. As we stood on the holy walk of the Barkhor, we were approached by eight Chinese soldiers who spread out and grabbed us. Two soldiers took me roughly by the arms, twisting my hands behind my back. Two of the nuns, Tenzin Wangmo and Gyaltzen Loche, were put in a Chinese police jeep and driven away. The rest of us were thrown into a truck and taken to the main section of Gutsa prison, about three miles east of Lhasa.

When we arrived, we were separated and taken into various rooms. I was pushed into a room where one male and one female guard were waiting. They removed the belt which held my nuns robe and it fell down as they searched my pockets. While I was searched, the guards slapped me hard repeatedly and yanked roughly on my nose and ears.

After the search, I was led outside to another building where two different male and female guards waited to begin the interrogation. "What did you say in the Barkhor? Why did you say it?" The cell contained a variety of torture implements: lok-gyug, electric cattle prods, and metal rods. I was kicked and fiercely beaten as I was interrogated until mid-day, and then pulled to my feet and taken to the prison courtyard where I saw the three other nuns from Chupsang.

We were made to stand in four directions. I was near the door so that every Chinese soldier who passed by would kick me in passing. Our hands were uncuffed and we were

told to stand with our hands against the wall as six policemen took each one in turn, held us down and beat us with electric prods and a small, broken chair and kicked us. Gyaltzen Loche was kicked in the face. I was kicked in the chest so hard that I could hardly breathe. We were told to raise our hands in the air, but it was not possible to stay in that position and we kept falling down. As soon as I fell, someone would come and force me up. We were constantly questioned regarding who else was involved in arranging the demonstration.

All during the interrogation, we were not allowed to fasten our belts and so our robes kept slipping off. We would constantly try to lift them up and adjust them. I tried to think of what I could possibly say to answer the questions. "How did you choose that day? Who was behind you?" I could only see feet. Many different pairs of feet approaching us through the day. We were repeatedly kicked and beaten. "The Americans are helping you! Where are they now? They will never help you! Because you have opposed communism, you are going to die!"

After some hours had passed, a large dog with pointed ears and black and white spots was brought in, led on a heavy chain. The police tried to force us to run, but we simply did not have the strength. The dog looked at us with interest, but did not approach.

Finally, as sunset approached, we were handcuffed and taken into a building and made to walk through the hallway two by two. Here and there were small groups of Chinese soldiers on both sides of the corridor. As we passed, we were punched and kicked, slapped and pulled hard by the ears. My cell, measuring five feet by five feet, was empty except for a slop basin and small bucket. That night, I quickly passed out on the cold cement floor.

The following morning, I was taken to a room where three police were seated behind a table. On its surface was an assortment of rifles, electric prods and iron rods. I was told "Look down!" Throughout my detention, I was never allowed to look straight at their faces. While answering I had to look to the side or face down.

One of them asked me "Why did you demonstrate? Why are you asking yourself for torture and beatings?" My knees began to shake. I told them: "Many monks, nuns and lay people have been arrested, but we know Tibet belongs to the Tibetans. You say there is freedom of religion, but there is no genuine freedom!" My answer angered them and the three got up from behind the table, picking up various implements. One picked up an electric rod and hit me with it. I fell down.

They shouted at me to stand, but I couldn't and so one pulled up my robe and the other man inserted the instrument into my vagina. The shock and the pain were horrible. He repeated this action several times and also struck other parts of my body. Later the others made me stand and hit me with sticks and kicked me. Several times I fell to the floor. They would then force the prod inside of me and pull me up to repeat the beatings.

For some reason I began to think of a precious herb that grows in Tibet called Yartsa Gunbu. Tibetans believe it is a cross between the kingdoms of plants and animals because during the summer it gives the appearance of being a worm. This medicine herb is quite rare. In my region, the Chinese force a monthly quota on each monk and nun which consists of thousands and thousands of such plants. I shouted out: "Before 1959, it was considered a sin for monks to pick the Yartsa Gunbu! It was a sin, and you have forced them to do it!"

I remained in detention for more than four months. For the first month, I was beaten

every morning during the interrogations. For the first several days, different levels of authorities came to my cell. At first I was afraid but as time went by and I thought about the monks, and other men and women who were imprisoned, many of whom had families to worry about, I began to realize I had nothing to lose. My parents could lead their lives by themselves.

I was continuously terrified of possible sexual molestation. But as the days went by, that did not occur. Sitting in my cell, I would remind myself that I was there because I had spoken on behalf of the people of Tibet and I felt proud that I had accomplished a goal and was able to say what I thought was right.

In Gutsa prison in the summer of 1988, there were all together about 32 nuns and lay women. All the women were kept in the ward for political prisoners. During that time, one of the nuns, Sonam Chodon, was sexually molested.

Fifteen days after my release from prison on August 4, 1988, a Tibetan approached me and asked if my sister nuns and I would like to talk to a British journalist who was secretly making a documentary in Tibet. We all felt to appear in the interview without hiding our faces was the best way to make a contribution. The ultimate truth would soon be known so there was no need to hide. We had truth as our defense.

After our release from prison, we were formally expelled from Chupsang by the Chinese authorities and sent back to our villages. We were not allowed to wear nuns robes and were forbidden to take part in religious activities. We were not allowed to talk freely with other villagers. I was forced to attend nightly reeducation meetings during which the topic of conversation often came around to me as "a member of the small splittist Dalai clique which is trying to separate the motherland." I was so depressed and confused. I never told my parents what had happened in prison. When word came of the British documentary in which I took part, everyone began to discuss it. Most Tibetans thought I was quite brave, but some collaborators insulted me. It soon seemed as if arrest was imminent. I began to fear for my parent's safety and so decided to flee to the only place I could think of—Lhasa—to appeal again to Chupsang nunnery for re-admission.

After arriving in Lhasa, I set out for the hour's walk to Chupsang. I found a Chinese police office had been set up at the nunnery. I was told to register at the office and, while there, was told re-admission was not possible. I realized that the police officer there would arrest me if I stayed. Greatly discouraged, I set out to make my way back to Lhasa.

Just below the nunnery there is a Chinese police compound the Tibetans call Sera Shol Gyakhang. As I passed, I saw three Chinese soldiers on bicycles. They followed me a short distance before I was stopped. One of them took off his coat and shirt and then tied the shirt around by face, and shoved the sleeves in my mouth to stop me from crying and yelling. I was raped by the three on the outer boundary of the compound. After doing that bad thing to me, they just ran away.

I remained in Lhasa for two months under the care of local Tibetans. As expected, the release of the documentary caused an uproar with the Chinese authorities. My sister nuns tried to disguise themselves and wore their hair a little longer. I had lost all hope of continuing to live in Tibet under so many obstructions and restrictions and the ever present possibility of rearrest. Even if I could stay, the Chinese would forbid me to study and I feared them in many other bad ways. I began to think of His Holiness the Dalai Lama in India. At that time, I didn't know there were so many other Tibetans liv-

ing there as well, but I thought "if only I could reach him, if I could only once see his face. . . ."

Another nun and I heard of some Tibetans nomads who were taking medicines to the remote areas and traveling to Mount Kailash in a truck. From there we joined a group of 15 Tibetans to travel to the Nepalese border. In December 1990, I reached northern India.

When I first met His Holiness, I could not stop crying. He asked, "Where do you want to go? Do you want to go to school?" He patted my face gently. I could not say anything. I could only cry as I felt the reality of his presence. It was not a dream. In Tibet so many long to see him. At the same time, I felt an overwhelming sadness. Because I was raped, I felt I could no longer be a nun. I had been spoiled. The trunk of our religious vows is to have a pure life. When that was destroyed, I felt guilty to be in a nunnery with other nuns who were really very pure. If I stayed in the nunnery, it would be as if a drop of blood had been introduced into the ocean of milk.

I have been asked by esteemed persons such as yourselves what makes Tibetan nuns, many very young, so brave in their support of the Tibetan cause. I say that it is from seeing the suffering of our people. What I did was just a small thing. As a nun, I sacrificed my family and the worldly life, so for a real practitioner it doesn't matter if you die for the cause of truth. His Holiness the Dalai Lama teaches us to be patient, tolerant and compassionate. Tibetans believe in the law of Karma, cause and effect. In order to do something to try to stop the cycle of bad effect, we try to raise our voices on behalf of the just cause of Tibet.

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from California [Mr. RIGGS] is recognized for 5 minutes.

[Mr. RIGGS addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.]

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from New Jersey [Mr. PAPPAS] is recognized for 5 minutes.

[Mr. PAPPAS addressed the House. His remarks will appear hereafter in the Extensions of Remarks.]

MAKING OUR FOOD SAFER

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Ohio [Mr. BROWN] is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. BROWN of Ohio. Mr. Speaker, about 90 years ago in the early 1900's, Upton Sinclair wrote a book called "The Jungle." This book was about the American meat processing industry. It was about worker conditions in Chicago in the meatpacking industry. Equally importantly, it was about food quality and what Americans were eating and what went into the food that Americans ate. Over these 90 years since the publication of that book, Americans have come to take for granted the quality of their food, that fruits and vegetables were not contaminated, that food products, meat products, fish and dairy products were inspected. We can go into grocery stores through the first 80, 85, 90 years of this century understanding, taking for granted that what we put on our ta-

bles, what we buy in these grocery stores, what we prepare in our kitchens, what we eat in our restaurants can in fact, is in fact safe and reliable and will not in any way cause health problems for our people.

Unfortunately, in the last couple of years, some things have begun to happen that make some of us not so much take our food safety for granted. This past Sunday, Parade Magazine ran a cover story called "How To Prevent Food Poisoning." It cites everything from contaminated strawberries that were grown in Mexico, processed in San Diego, sold to schoolchildren and served to schoolchildren in Michigan, many of whom contracted hepatitis A. A handful of these children actually got very, very, very sick; a couple of them almost died. It talks about raspberries grown in Guatemala that were contaminated. It talks about how in this era of free trade, in this era of more and more food sold from one country, into another country into the United States that we simply are not preparing well enough at the border. We are not doing the right kind of inspections. One reporter called all these foods coming into the country passports for pathogens.

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As more and more food products come in, inspections at the border generally are not very good, and Americans are more at risk and take less for granted than ever before, at least any time in this century, concerning the products we buy in grocery stores.

About a month ago, at my own expense, I went to the Mexican border, went to Laredo, TX, and went to McAllen, TX, went into Reynosa, Mexico, and looked across the border from Laredo into Nuevo Laredo. I saw the inspections at the border. I saw the number of trucks coming into the United States from Mexico, I saw the number of cars, the hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of cars coming streaming across the border, basically 24 hours a day. And it is clear that when the North American Free-Trade Agreement was passed by this Congress in 1993, that the President, the administration, the leadership in this Congress, simply have not prepared at the border for the huge amounts of materials coming into the country.

There are too many drugs coming across the border undetected, there are too many trucks crossing the border that are not safe, and probably, most importantly, there is too much food coming across the border that is contaminated.

There are pesticides that are illegal in the United States that are legal in some countries in Latin America. There are contaminants in the way that food is grown, contaminated by urine and feces and other kinds of human contaminants and other contaminants and wastes that end up on